

MRS. FISKE AS A PLAYWRIGHT.

PRESENTS THREE ONE ACT PLAYS; TWO VERY INTERESTING.

Sympathetic and Grievous Tragedy, Plus sentimental Comedy From the Italian—Superlative Performances by the Manhattan Company, Minus Mrs. Fiske.

Mrs. Fiske made her debut as a playwright yesterday afternoon at the Manhattan by producing, with the aid of her very remarkable company, three one act plays. They revealed the same admirable intelligence and rightness of feeling which have so long been valued in her acting, together with an unmistakable dramatic gift. It is said that she hopes to be encouraged to give up regular acting and devote her main strength to management. The enthusiasm of the audience was long and loud, and in the end called her twice before the curtain, in spite of a, previously expressed resolve not to appear. Making the allowance for an obviously friendly bias of the audience, the occasion was little short of a triumph.

The first play, "The House," was the weakest. It was a wholesome and sympathetic, though somewhat sentimental, version of the familiar story of the old husband, the youthful wife and her lover, the milieu of which was aristocratic life in New Orleans. The young people in this case were proof against temptation, the wife, Marie, remaining faithful and devotedly affectionate, and the lover, Pierre, the husband's physician, being virtuously resolved to flee from the impending entanglement. Frederick sent a rose to Marie, with a note bidding her farewell. The husband read the note by mistake, and ended his life with an overdose of medicine.

The machinery by which the plot is evolved will hardly bear analysis. The husband was preternaturally obtuse to what was going on. The audience learned all there was to know from circumstances that did not arouse his least suspicion. And there was a very palpable touch of sentimentality in his self-sacrifice.

Mr. Arliss scarcely made the husband's age and his feebleness convincing, and lessened his grip of the situation by an exaggerated deliberation in acting. It must be said, however, that at the certain many in the audience were in tears. The one admirable performance of the piece was the old French servant of Etienne Girardot, which was by far his best achievement. In several years—simple, gay and true. He sang a French song with delightful unctious.

"A Light From St. Agnes" is a gruesome tragedy of love life in a Louisiana river village. The scene is the interior of a stone hut in which dwell Michel, a drunken, rumrunner, and Toinette, a young woman living with him. A saintly young woman has reformed the rest of the community and banished the traffic in rum, but Michel and Toinette are only the more resentfully obdurate.

When the play opens the reformer lies dead in a neighboring chapel. In the midst of a very realistic thunder storm Father Bertrand comes into the hut and tells Toinette that her last living wish was for her conversion. Toinette, who has been waked from a drunken sleep, shows only a brutal defiance. Michel comes in also drunk, and also in a passion of hatred against the dead saint. He has seen the body lying in the chapel, and he wants to arouse the village. Michel slaps her, and washing the blood from his hands, makes away through the forest.

The atmosphere of the play is as brutal as a pug from Gorki. A touch of beauty there is in the idea of the spirit of the dead saint living on to reclaim the soul of Toinette. But the sudden woman's generation is not very convincingly devoted in the writing, so that the total effect is somewhat sordid and revolting. There can be no doubt, however, that the interest in the piece was absorbing. The curtain is a very original bit of theatrical manipulation. Toinette has put her bed out in the center of the room so that the first rays of the sun, reflected from the window of the chapel, will strike in her eyes and awake her in time for his day's work. As Michel does the dawn is breaking, and when he has gone the reflected rays of the sun swing across the room and fall in Toinette's dead face.

The Toinette of the young Rumanian actress, Fernanda Eliscu, is the most strikingly real and true of the three. Beautiful in face and figure, she is full of emotional strength and color. Her Juliet two years ago in "The House" was a different creature; and once as the heroine of "Marty of the Lowlands," in which she replaced Corinne Riccio in the last week of the run, she made an impression of the first magnitude on those who saw her. It will be strange if Miss Eliscu does not now achieve a hit equal to her last. The Michel of John Mason was a creation of compelling realism and dramatic power, brutal, reckless, vicious, and very dirty in face and habit. As Michel, the character, that admirable young actor W. B. Mack was forcible and effective.

The most sympathetic and viable of the plays was "The House of the Heart," which Mrs. Fiske has made from a two act Italian piece by Gallina. It is a family comedy, full of humor and sentiment, and the part of the blind grandfather, whose favorite son has ruined him and whose family is keeping him in ignorance of the fact by many fond devices. The character of the grandfather is played with tenderness, his crustiness and the keen resource by which he unmask the deceptions practised on him is conceived with a correct insight into the division and gives rise to an abundance of effective dramatic touches. Even the crabbed old grandfather, who has broken off a match between his grandchild and the daughter of a rich man, is played with a touch of sympathy, but lacked a few requisite touches of suppressed emotion for her lover. One of two of the parts was played by the actress, notably the Grandfather of Robert V. Ferguson.

MAURICE BARRYMORE BURIED.

A private funeral with few friends present for the brilliant actor.

Funeral services for Maurice Barrymore were held yesterday morning in the chapel of the Stephen Merritt undertaking establishment in Eighth avenue. At the wish of the family the services were private, the only persons present being Miss Ellet Barrymore, William Gillette, Al Hayman, John Drew, Benjamin T. Fagin and a woman friend of the family. Neither John nor Lionel Barrymore was present. The Rev. George C. Houghton of "The Little Church Around the Corner" read the funeral service. There were few floral offerings.

The body was taken to Philadelphia in a private car and was buried in the Drew plot in Glenwood cemetery beside Mrs. Barrymore.

The Old Reliable

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the young woman, placing a suit case on a vacant desk in a downtown office. The half dozen men in the room looked up from their work.

"I've got something here that will interest you," went on the young woman, all the while unfurling the straps of the suit case.

"I'll be useless to spring a book on us," said one man.

"Don't worry," responded the young woman. "I'm not a book agent. But I'm selling something, and I'll bet there isn't one of you who hasn't read it."

At last the suit case was opened. It was packed with neat pasteboard boxes, tied with ribbons of different hues.

"There are three books in this box," said the young woman, "and each one is a masterpiece of fiction. Just try a piece," she urged, going from one to the other with the box.

Everybody bought a box at 25 cents each. The young woman said her mother, her sister and herself made the fudge at home. She was the travelling salesman of the firm, having given up a job as typewriter to do this work. So far, she said, she had made a big hit, for every day she sold all the family could make.

Seagoing poolrooms are not entire novelties in New York. Thirty years ago, on the consequence of the closing of the city rooms after the Hayes-Tilden betting scandals in Morrissey's Broadway place, a barge anchored at Weehawken did a thriving trade on the spring races at Jerome Park. In 1889, during a tight season for the rooms here and in Hoboken, a place was found on a canalboat moored to the wharf at Guttenberg. Whenever the New Jersey constables moved toward the floating poolrooms, the canalboat was out of the water, and the boat passed from the control of the State to Federal law. This was the theory and it worked all right, for the room was not shut up until the proprietors obtained permission to do business in a more accessible location.

"In the thirty-five years that I have lived in this part of the city," said an old East Side politician yesterday, "I never saw any one go into that graveyard over there," pointing to a small cemetery on Newbury, between James and Oliver streets. The graveyard was presented to the Jews by Louis Gomez, a Portuguese Jew in 1729. It runs along Newbury along the river, and the Jews of the neighborhood began to build up, the Jews selected a new site on Long Island. It is said to be the first Jewish cemetery in the city, and the time of its origin is about thirty headstones and these are worn down, making it hard to read the inscriptions on them. It stands in back of St. James' church, which is one of the oldest Catholic churches in the city.

"The other day," said a Harlem real estate man, "I went out to show flats to a motherly woman. She finally decided on one, but she wanted some improvements. I told her the owner wouldn't stand for it. She said, 'Oh, that'll be all right, she'll say I'm the owner.' I said, 'I'll see him myself.'"

"The owner," I answered, "is Mr. So and So of No. Such and Such Columbia avenue."

"What?" she screamed. "You don't mean So and So, the tailor?"

"Yes, I do," I said.

"Why," she wailed, "I thought he was so poor I've been giving him a quarter instead of 15 cents every time he presses my husband's trousers."

"Well," I said, "I bought this house last week for \$70,000."

An antithesis of graft is the practice of a clerk who, after from extorting illegal charges, often pays legal fees out of his own pocket. The clerk prepares first naturalization papers in the United States District Court and pays the 60 cents fee himself whenever a clergyman is the applicant.

"Soon after I began work in this place," he says, "a clerkman applied for papers and I didn't have the nerve to bone him for the 60 cents. Instead I took it out of my own pocket and put it in his. He was several years older now, but my practice in that respect hasn't changed. Any un-naturalized clerkman can get his first papers for nothing when I am on the job."

The silk hatted man who looked as if he had money was tipsy and he had hard work picking his way along the east side of Broadway. In front of the Hotel Astor a detective of the New York Forty-seventh street station was talking to a friend. The tipsy man looked so prosperous to him that he thought it best to gather him in before he was rolled. He took him to the police station and unbuttoned the long padlock coat that he wore. Underneath was a very much worn suit, and a pair of old shoes. The man yielded two pennies and a toothpick.

"That's one on me," said the sleuth. "I thought he was the real goods but he's a shine."

CONCERT FOR GEORGE BECKER.

The Kneisel Quartet Plays and Mrs. De Moss Sings.

A concert intended as a testimonial to George Becker took place last night at Mendelssohn Hall. Mr. Becker was for some years librarian for Theodore Thomas, and afterward opened the first general ticket office for concert entertainments in Schermerhorn street. He continued in that place for twenty years, or until the removal of the store from Union Square. He then established a new ticket agency in Broadway, the only concert ticket agency in the city. He is a popular man, and deserves his popularity. His testimonial concert was attended by a large audience and there was some good music.

The most interesting part of it was provided by the Kneisel Quartet, for which Mr. Becker is the subscription agent in this city. The Kneisel artists played three movements from Dvorak's F major quartet, the American work, and Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder were heard, together with Herman, Hans Wetzler, in Beethoven's E flat trio. Between the two instrumental numbers Mrs. Hissen de Moss sang songs by Rimsky-Korsakov, Chadwick, McDowell and Addison Andrews.

Mrs. de Moss was especially happy in the Handel air, "O, Had I Jubal's Lyre," in which her correct intonation, broad phrasing and facile delivery of the florid passages were highly commendable. Further comment seems unnecessary. It was an entertainment in which artistic excellence prevailed. Therefore let such things as were not to the everlasting glory of musical art rest in silence.

Edna Wallace Hopper Back to Vandeville.

Edna Wallace Hopper, who hopes to be rich as the result of a will contest, is going to dip into Vandeville again next week at the Colonial Music Hall. She will be seen in a sketch called "Capt. January," which is founded on a children's story by Laura Richards.

LONGHORN AMUSES BROADWAY.

SCATTERED EVERYTHING BUT THE CARS AND THEN, SCATTERED.

Started for the Waldorf, but didn't stop there, went on board at 84th Street Ferry, and Was Last Seen Swimming for the Sound, Chased by Men in Boats.

A red steer varied the gay life of the theatre district yesterday noon by capering down Broadway from Forty-second street to Thirty-fourth and across town to the Long Island ferry. There he went overboard and took to the main channel for Hell Gate. He sojourned for a time on a rocky islet off the ferry and resumed his trip toward the Sound. The last seen of the beast, three rowboats were pursuing him up past Kip's Bay.

The apparition of the steer in front of the Metropole didn't seem to surprise any one for a minute or two. Strange things are in the way of appearing at that corner, anyway. Some there were who dismissed the sight at once as a new and fantastic advertising device; others pretended that they didn't think they saw anything, and bent their steps toward a neighboring jagassuary. Others assumed that the steer wouldn't be there unless it was a perfectly proper place for a steer to be and showed their breeding by taking no notice.

There was an uptown Broadway street car which was not so sure of its footing from every point of the compass and the rumble of the subway below did not interest the steer at all. The car, however, showed him about to take the car with his long branching horns. The car didn't mind, although the motorman dodged back toward the far corner of his platform. The steer was displaced, not to say bewildered. He whirled about the other way and met a downtown car, standing obliquely at the corner. This was too much. With a sort of fright he bounded out into the clearway, threw up his tail, threw down his horns, and charged down Madison street.

Broadway awoke to the unusualness of things with a whoop and a giggle, and a roar of laughter. The steer, however, was done after the steer had passed, however. Strollers on Broadway were not sufficiently versed in steer lore to know that the steer was very much more frightened than angry. The only sufferer by the rampage was John Ryland, a theatre doorman, who was crossing the street on his bicycle and wobbling with indecision in his effort to let the steer have whichever side of the road he wanted, was caught fairly rebounding and reeling away, and, braced up on his feet, he was seen to be in a state of terror-stricken groans.

There were not lacking after the steer passed, many young people of the Broadway parade who said that the steer was a fine sight, but they were not so sure that they were not frightened. The steer was chased whole blocks by that bull because they had red skirts on.

One young woman even ran to the top of the elevated street car, and, third street and asked to be rescued. But her press agent had not come on duty at that early hour in the afternoon and up to a late hour last night the police had not been furnished to the newspapers.

The longhorn turned east at Thirty-fourth street in response to wild demonstrations by the policemen on duty at the corner and trotted off toward the Waldorf-Astoria. By this time a horde of newsboys were yelling at the animal, and the steer swung easily on his way, looking out anxiously ahead. The crowd grew bigger as he went over the Park avenue hill and down under the tunnel. The confusion started the brute so much that he started into a dead run again. He had a clear road, the badly scared newsboys and the side the ferry station all day long made pell mell for the inside of the ferryhouse; there was none to oppose the steer's progress through the city. The steer went through on the gallop, down the wharf and on to the ferry slip. The mob came swirling through the wagon gate behind. The steer got one good look at the crowd, but it was not a very pleasant one. The tide was setting up stream and carried him out to the reef which sticks out into the river off Hunter's Point. He snatched at the rocks and changed both shores with lonely bellows.

To the policeman on duty at the ferryhouse there came at 2 o'clock in the afternoon a man with a red coat and a white arm. The man was warm and his face was dirty. He seemed troubled.

"Say," he said to the policeman, "have you seen a steer of mine this morning?"

The policeman led the man through the ferryhouse and pointed out over the river to the red brute, standing out lonely from the jagged rocks in the water of the river.

"Can I have him?" asked the man.

"Sure," said the policeman, "help yourself. Nobody around here would mind."

"He got away from me over on Ninth avenue," the man said, "and I'm going to get him back if it breaks my neck."

A red coat later on, who ran out on the river in the direction of the boat. The steer didn't like them and plunged off, heading north. There were no reports of a herd of the steer in the river from later on, so the steer may be at New Haven by this time. But he's breathing easier on Broadway. That sort of a steer isn't welcomed in the film-film district.

MISS FREDDA BACKS THE POLICE.

As Miss Fredda Dixon in the Thrilling Play, "The Kieptomania."

"Charley says the police are stupid and only work when you have a pal," tittered Mrs. Charles Dover, the doting young bride.

"But I am in the newspaper business and the police work the police," said Miss Fredda Dixon, reporter on the Top Crest.

"Never could I permit myself to ask any man to find my lost engagement ring," objected Mrs. John Jones, who was sitting next to her.

"But the Police Department isn't a man; it's an institution," spoke up Miss Fredda Dixon. "You just telephone them and they'll find the ring."

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Ireland's Story" should be one of the "popular books of the day," especially in Greater New York, where the contingent from Erin is so large, for beginning with the fine old legends it traces the history of the Irish nation throughout its picturesque course down to the present day.

The work of St. Patrick is given partly in the words of his own confession, and other saints and scholars receive special attention. But the greatest interest, which is upon the discussion of the recent Irish problems—Irish Disestablishment, Land Purchase, Home Rule, &c., and in the chapters on the Irish in America, the Irish on the Continent, and the Irish Literary Revival.

Mrs. Sakville E. Jackson in "Mother and Daughter" makes some very iconoclastic protests against the old customs considered indispensable to the rearing of young children, and levels a special objection against the indiscriminate reading of "Mother Goose" to the little ones. "Don't tell the terrifying gory tales in Mother Goose," she says, "where giants do impossible things, and utterly idiotic rhymes in atrocious English tell how the farmer's wife cut off their tails with a carving knife," but if Mother Goose must be read to children forever and a day, she begs the mother to stick to "Old King Cole was a merry old soul," or some of the other tales with a happy ending, and not send sensitive children to bed grieving because the little mooses had lost their tails or the poor dog had gone hungry because "cupboard was bare." There are few pleasures left to life for the modern baby, with patent foods and rockers and cradles and general sanitary fuss and bother, and if he is not to be allowed to forget his trials in the soothing melodies of Mother Goose it must seem to him scarcely worth while to be born at all.

George Gissing is very little known in this country, but "By the Ionian Sea," the newly imported book by means of which he is to be introduced to the American public, is considered by English critics to be his best work.

Joseph Conrad, author of "Nostromo," a Tale of the Seaboard," after knocking about the earth for twenty years in nearly all the travelled sea ways of the world, has come to anchor at last at Pen Farm, in Kent, not far from the English Channel. His home is a quaint cottage with a slanting roof, adorned with a 'kan-to-very much' of plum. The cottage is set in a garden surrounded by an irregular stone wall, and has an outlook over wide stretches of country landscape.

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The work of St. Patrick is given partly in the words of his own confession, and other saints and scholars receive special attention. But the greatest interest, which is upon the discussion of the recent Irish problems—Irish Disestablishment, Land Purchase, Home Rule, &c., and in the chapters on the Irish in America, the Irish on the Continent, and the Irish Literary Revival.

Mrs. Sakville E. Jackson in "Mother and Daughter" makes some very iconoclastic protests against the old customs considered indispensable to the rearing of young children, and levels a special objection against the indiscriminate reading of "Mother Goose" to the little ones. "Don't tell the terrifying gory tales in Mother Goose," she says, "where giants do impossible things, and utterly idiotic rhymes in atrocious English tell how the farmer's wife cut off their tails with a carving knife," but if Mother Goose must be read to children forever and a day, she begs the mother to stick to "Old King Cole was a merry old soul," or some of the other tales with a happy ending, and not send sensitive children to bed grieving because the little mooses had lost their tails or the poor dog had gone hungry because "cupboard was bare." There are few pleasures left to life for the modern baby, with patent foods and rockers and cradles and general sanitary fuss and bother, and if he is not to be allowed to forget his trials in the soothing melodies of Mother Goose it must seem to him scarcely worth while to be born at all.

George Gissing is very little known in this country, but "By the Ionian Sea," the newly imported book by means of which he is to be introduced to the American public, is considered by English critics to be his best work.

Joseph Conrad, author of "Nostromo," a Tale of the Seaboard," after knocking about the earth for twenty years in nearly all the travelled sea ways of the world, has come to anchor at last at Pen Farm, in Kent, not far from the English Channel. His home is a quaint cottage with a slanting roof, adorned with a 'kan-to-very much' of plum. The cottage is set in a garden surrounded by an irregular stone wall, and has an outlook over wide stretches of country landscape.

A new book by Booth Tarkington, "The Beautiful Lady," will appear in the McClure-Phillips spring list. It is a short novel, containing a whimsical tale of young impetuous love, the scene of which is laid in Paris, Venice and Rome. In daintiness and graceful charm the story suggests Mr. Tarkington's ever popular "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Mr. Honer Saint-Gaudens gives his views in April Critic concerning the "Venus" at the National Art Club. The chocolate stained statue belonging to Mr. Frederic Lunt, at most, Mr. Saint-Gaudens thinks, can be no more than a second Roman copy of an unknown Greek original by Praxiteles. Four sculptors of the highest reputation are quoted as saying that, though beautiful, the work has no claim to be thought original.

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